ENGLAND in Miniature, or TRUTH to Some Tune.

A New BALLAD.

ALL you that are willing your Cares to beguile,
There's rare Doings in Town.
Attend, and I'm ſure you can't chuſe but ſmile,
There's rare Doings in Town.
At a ſhort, but too true an Account of our Iſle,
There's rare Doings in Town.
Whoring and Gaming, Scoring and Shaming.
There's rare Doings in Town.

II.

And pray firſt of all take a View of the Court,
Tho' if long you ſtay there, you'll pay dearly for't;
For *catch* as *catch* can, ev'n *there* is the Sport:
Bowing and Trying, Vowing and Lying.
There's rare, &c.

III.

With Tupee and Snuff-Box, Beau's make to the Fair,
And beg one and all they for Peace will declare,
Or only turn out the rough brave Ones to War:
Cringing Grimaces, with damn'd hatched Faces.
There's rare, &c.

IV.

For, Ladies, our Species, for War ne'er deſign'd,
Is ſo delicate tender, and ſweetly refin'd,
It ſcarcely can bear e'en a Breath of the Wind:
Eaſe, Gout and Tiſick, Luſt, Pox and Phyſick.
There's rare, &c.

V.

Our Stay at the Court can ne'er be for good,
Bid Deceit then adieu, and take a new Road;
But hold! firſt let's ſee the Diverſions in Mode:
Balling and freaking, ſqualling and ſqueaking.
There's rare, &c.

VI.

The beſt Plays and Players, now cannot go down,
And in Entertainments all Senſe we diſown,
Whilſt Fancy deprav'd, lords it over the Town:
The Drama miſuſing, and all Senſe abuſing.
There's rare, &c.

VII.

Wit to Nonſenſe harmonious is forc'd to give place,
Tricks and Transformations alone meet Succeſs,
And without Song or Dance, no Poet can pleaſe:
Noiſe and no Meaning, with dull Harlequining.
There's rare, &c.

VIII.

We on Carpenters, now, not on Poets rely,
What, improve well the Mind! No, firſt take the Eye,
What are Morals, *Meſſieurs*, to a Sink or a Fly:
Good Senſe neglected, and Tumblers protected.
There's rare, &c.

IX.

Some Opera's may follow for Muſick's ſake,
But for Strolers, whoſe Language we know not, nor ſpeak;
'Tis beyond Truth for ſuch Subſcriptions to make:
Obſcene Behaviour, and Nonſenſe in Favour.
There's rare, &c.

X.

To the long wiſh'd for Ball, we now next will go,
Where Husband and Wives each other don't know;
Where every thing, except one, you may do:
Luxurious Riot, with all ſorts of Diet.
There's rare, &c.

XI.

If Masks by Permiſſion, we there might off take,
How diff'rent a Figure would moſt of 'em make;
Nuns oft would be Whores, and Prieſts would be Rakes:
Tricking, Deceiving, Nicking and Leaving.
There's rare, &c.

XII.

How often a Judge an Aſs ſhould we find,
And prim demure Quakers, briſk Girls to our Mind;
With Stateſmen in Dreſſes of Harlequin Kind:
Each other cheating, all ſomething getting.
There's rare, &c.

XIII.

Here longer to ſtay, would our Reaſon diſgrace,
Let's leave Bites in Masks then, and ſeek a new Place;
Where if they do bite you, 'tis with a *bare Face*:
Dancing and Playing, in and out Straying.
There's rare, &c.

XIV.

To *Weſtminſter-Hall* we'll go, as I live,
Where Law-ſuits and Cheating for ever revive;
Where Clients are ſtarv'd, and Gowns only thrive:
Feeing and Babling, Pleading and Squabling.
There's rare, &c.

XV.

Now ſoon with the Commons and Lords we may be,
But of them we mayn't talk, whatever we ſee;
Tho' no one for Thinking e'er ſwung at the Tree:
Settling and Noting, Nettling and Voting.
There's rare, &c.

XVI.

Through *Drury* we'll go, and at *Roſe* ſend for *Jenny*,
She'll provide you with Whores from a *Tis*, to a *Guinea*;
She'll call you an Angel, and prove you a Ninny:
Reeling and Boxing, Stealing and Poxing.
There's rare, &c.

XVII.

To the ſage Inns of Court we next will repair,
Where moſt, more like Fops than Lawyers appear;
Where Learning and Study of Time have leaſt ſhare:
Snoring or Prinking, Whoring or Drinking.
There's rare, &c.

XVIII.

Hold! into the Churches we have not yet been,
Where moſt People go to ſee and be ſeen;
Not regarding the Prayers or the Text of a Pin:
Snuff, Ogling, Fanning, Zeal for Trepanning.
There's rare, &c.

XIX.

The Meeting is juſt ſuch another good Place,
Where you'll find, but too oft, a ſanctify'd Face;
With a deviliſh black Conſcience, much Pride, and no Grace:
Swinging Donations, for ſtupid Orations.
There's rare, &c.

XX.

Here Orator *Henley* we ſhould not forget,
Who his primitive Doctrine before you doth ſet;
Where the firſt Rule of Faith is *Money* to get:
Such Paſtors ne'er pray well, unleſs that you pay well.
There's rare, &c.

XXI.

Now into the City we'll next take a Tour,
Where the Wife keeps a Spark, and the Husband a Whore;
Where Mechanicks pay Money, and Quality ſcore:
Letchery and Fumbling, Riches and Grumbling.
There's rare, &c.

XXII.

Here view fam'd *Change-Alley*, that bottomleſs Place,
Where the Effects they regard not of War or of Peace;
But as it tends ſome poor Cully to Fleece:
Bulling and Bearing, Pulling and Tearing.
There's rare, &c.

XXIII.

The City and Suburbs we having gone through,
Of the Country we need not take Pains for a View;
For the Modes of the Court ſtill, tho' late, they purſue:
Exhauſting their Treaſure, in wrong'd judg'd of Pleaſure.
There's rare, &c.

XXIV.

Perhaps now there's ſome will be apt to declare,
In this my Account I have been too ſevere;
And have drawn out their Pictures unlike what they are:
Not Juſtice doing, to thoſe I'd be ſhewing.
There's rare, &c.

XXV.

If ſo, I muſt with the Painter reply,
Who drew a fam'd Madam, ſhe ſaid, all awry;
With a ſhrivell'd wan Cheek, and a ſquint in her Eye;
Miſuſing Nature, abuſing each Feature.
There's rare, &c.

XXVI.

I'm ſure in my Likeneſs I am not to blame,
There's rare Doings in Town.
And if you, 'tis deſign'd for, will e'er change the Fame;
There's rare Doings in Town.
The Juſtice, I'll anſwer, ſhall ſoon do the ſame;
There's rare Doings in Town.
If not, pray own all, I Juſtice have done all.
There's rare Doings in Town.

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